

American
JUNIOR RED CROSS
October 1926 **NEWS** *"I Serve"*





In Rahmeh's house there were great bins for grain that reached to the ceiling. They were made of mud mixed with straw and afterwards whitewashed. The grain was poured in at the top and taken out through a round hole near the bottom.

The Teacher's Guide

By RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The October News in the School

Material to Interest Various Classes

Geography and World Civics:

Palestine—"In the Wilderness."

American Indian—"Sarafino Poncho's Plans."

Bulgaria—"Some Letters," "Where the National Children's Fund Helps." An interesting reference topic about Bulgaria may be made of the Cyrillic Alphabet and the life work of the two brothers, Cyril and Methodius.

Canada—"Junior Hospitals."

Japan—"Gifts from Thirteen Japanese Schools." Teachers interested in developing cleverness in small American hands will find ingenious suggestions in a fascinating book called *The Jolly Tinker*, by Frank M. Rich, (New York, D. Appleton & Co.). Here are ideas useful in making Christmas presents, articles for exhibit, and model gifts to send with instructions to Indian Partner Schools. Tin cans and other commonly discarded materials are used to make all sorts of delightful things from tops to talking machines. The book tells how to get music out of a broom stick and to manufacture an engine, a printing press, a loom, and so scientific an instrument as an astrolabe with almost no expense. Book surgery and shoe mending are among the practical helps given. Many of the things are within the powers of quite young children.

In this connection, it is a good thing to remember that samples of school work sent with school correspondence should be, like those of Japan, illustrative of the life of the country from which they come. A history or geography notebook, for instance, should be about American history or geography and not about some foreign country. It is about us that foreign countries wish to learn. Questions, however, are always in order.

Citizenship at Home:

"Juniors at Home," "Ghosts That Came to Life." Is there one page in the Class Service Notebook reserved for new ideas gleaned from the reports on service activities in other places?

Health:

"Sarafino Poncho's Plans," "Canada's Junior Hospitals," "The Ghosts That Came to Life," "The Health Castle." "The Ghosts That Came to Life" will furnish an excellent lead for the teacher who wishes to begin a campaign for proper nutrition.

Nature:

"Orphans Three," "The Adventure in the Wood."

Reading:

The poems and the stories, "In the Wilderness," "The Ghosts That Came to Life," and "The Adventure in the Wood" lend themselves to oral reading, for interpretation. "The Adventure in the Wood" may be dramatized by little folks. The informational stories and articles are especially good for silent reading and oral report.

Special Programs:

"The Cat and the Broom," "The Adventure in the Wood," and "The Ghosts That Came to Life" all have a Hallowe'en atmosphere. The informational material about the work of the Red Cross should be kept in mind for use in Roll Call activities next month.

Keeping the News at Work

In connection with the work done in presenting Junior Red Cross to teachers in summer schools a careful analysis was made of the file of last year's JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS, to ascertain just how much material of practical classroom value had been furnished. The result was amazing. Supplementary material helpful in geography and history had been presented from almost every country in the world, and for the more important countries there had been a considerable number of articles, stories, and school correspondence letters. There had also been a large amount of material useful in teaching other subjects.

The suggestion is given that the pupils themselves be made responsible for keeping track of this fund of supplementary material as it piles up through the year. A committee might be appointed from each class to list all articles, reports of activities, and stories to which the class may later wish to refer. In the geography class, whenever a new country is presented, a new committee might be assigned to keep cards for all the material found about that country in later issues of the NEWS and also to clip interesting items from the daily papers or current events magazines. From time to time as sufficient material accumulates, these committees may be called on for reports on their particular countries. Development of initiative and dependability and above all growth in a spirit of fair-mindedness and friendliness should be among the results.

Developing Calendar Activities for October

Some Slogans for the Year

Use Schoolwork for Service

Let the realization that work done in the schoolroom can be used to bring happiness to others give new buoyancy and beauty to classroom tasks. Children will do more careful work when they know it is to be put to worthwhile use.

Earn Your Own Service Fund

In a letter from a Belgian girl came the following pertinent question: "How do you earn money? We do not understand and we are astonished, because in Belgium the schoolgirls do not earn money generally." To some of our own children it is a unique experience to earn instead of ask. For such, the first "earning" may be by sacrificing money received for some small luxury. A pleasant little ceremony is sometimes made of collecting these "sacrifice" funds. The principal of the Union Street School, Middleboro, Mass., reported: "With the little ones, one child is chosen and dressed in some appropriate way, to hold the Red Cross box and receive the pennies as the school march by singing the Junior Red Cross song. Afterwards the children have the pleasure of counting the pennies." In some schools, the "sacrifice box" is brought out on a special day, once a week or once a month, and left in sight with a simple announcement as a reminder. If a glass jar is used, pupils can watch the fund grow.

When discussion is turned to individual earnings, boys and girls who work regularly for wages can contribute interesting experiences. The teacher, guiding the discussion, may wish to extend it along lines of vocational help, bringing out that:

1. Work of intrinsic worth to others gives greater happiness than work done merely for a money reward. This, of course, takes in all legitimate branches of the world's work.

2. Compensation should be proportionate to service rendered, but all people who do their part both give and receive many things in daily life for which no money is received or should be expected.

3. Money earned in service may also be used for service—to one's family, the community, the nation, the world.

Town Rural Exchanges

The suggested making of local bird calendars affords town school pupils a chance to use libraries and news stands, copying tree poems and making up loan or gift collections of books, clippings, and informational articles about birds and bird conservation for rural schools. Rural school Juniors will be able to give in exchange information gathered from first-hand observation. An interesting working out of this project in New York City schools is quoted on the opposite page.

Teachers May Peek Ahead

On the November page of the *CALENDAR* will be found suggestions for study by which Red Cross Roll Call may be made of educational value and pupils enabled to render community service. Some of these suggestions are: "Show

the service ideals of your school," "Show how schools are making friends around the world," "Tell in Armistice Day programs how the Red Cross has helped the world express kindness and friendship," and the subheadings under that topic. These all come within the legitimate province of the school and bring to pupils knowledge which may be used to help in the community Roll Call. For it is upon the facts of continuing achievement in improving human welfare that the call to Red Cross membership is based.

A highly intelligent development of such study was worked out by the classes of Miss Lena C. Emery, head of the English department in the Salem, Mass., high school. Her report is quoted here for its helpfulness to teachers of upper grades:

Each division was first given a short talk on the Red Cross and an idea of the work to be done. The classes then decided that the topics for the next oral composition day should be on some phase of the Red Cross. These oral compositions were well done, the topics varied and interesting. The classes judged each as to subject, presentation, and grammatical mistakes.

The classes next decided to write on Red Cross topics. Topics not discussed orally the preceding week were read and talked over. Many pupils went to the local Red Cross Headquarters for help, and books, magazines, and posters were brought to school. The work during times of war seemed to be commonly known, but I was surprised to learn that little was known of the peace time activities before the pupils did their research.

The Red Cross work at the local fair was described. The Red Cross Nurse was idealized. The local life-saving campaign was reported. Some wrote on the Red Cross welfare work among disabled soldiers. Disaster relief at the time of the severe mine strike was pointed out.

I believe that the greatest benefit that accrued to pupils as a result of this project was the information that the children received in regard to such peace time work. That there was another aspect beside the blood and death portrayal of the Red Cross surprised many.

Important steps in developing the project are shown in Miss Emery's outline:

I. Class discussion

1. What is the meaning of "Red Cross"?
2. When did you first hear of it?

II. Assignment

1. Life and work of Florence Nightingale
2. Magazine, newspaper and journal reports of Red Cross activities

3. Stories and information from home folks, companions, and particularly people with experience from direct contact.

III. Individual reports on research work. Results, excellent. Specimens of war papers and hospital drafts were brought in to complete stories. Some children had relatives, doctors, nurses, and directors of organization during the World War, the Tokio disaster, or local membership campaigns. The Junior Red Cross magazines were criticized very favorably in connection with Red Cross work in schools.

The individuality of the pupils resulted in a very interesting set of papers. Material was gathered at the library and at the local Red Cross headquarters. Two of the students wrote very interesting poems. One of the best themes was an exposition of the Red Cross life saving tests as learned by the student himself. The themes covered a wide range of subjects, including: the time and manner of organizing the Red Cross, its development, the wide range of activities, the nature and variety of work both in peace and in war, the divisions, the work and value of the Junior Red Cross.

The best themes were read in class and discussed.

The Junior Red Cross in Smaller Schools

Things to See

PUPILS of rural or smaller town schools may serve just by opening their eyes and looking! The things they see in their out-of-doors may be written down and used in making the local bird calendar suggested for this month. Letters, drawings, snapshots, cut-out pictures and compositions explaining these may be sent through Junior Red Cross chairmen to pupils in neighboring city schools. The best of such material might be collected into two or three portfolios, one to be sent abroad and another to an Indian school in another part of our own country. The school submitting the best material may be given the honor of writing the necessary letter of greeting to accompany such a portfolio. The reply when received should be routed to all schools which have taken part in this project and finally become the property of the school that wrote the greeting letter.

Such portfolios must, of course, follow the requirements laid down in the new School Correspondence pamphlet, ARC 621.

Material collected in making a local bird calendar may also be used for American Education Week exhibits, in November, and in connection with Red Cross Roll Call exhibits of Junior activities.

Sometimes, simply because the things of nature are so near, rural children take them for granted as commonplace. Perhaps such treasures will acquire new value if the pupils know how children in the city of New York would appreciate these very opportunities. Miss Ellen M. Phillips, Principal of Manhattan School 88, where this project is made a Junior Red Cross activity, described the study there as follows:

The work is planned as a three year cycle—flowers, trees, birds—the children studying one after the other for three years. At the end of each year they vote for their favorite. The one receiving the highest number of votes becomes the school flower or tree or bird for a period of three years, when the cycle begins again.

Our object in this work is two-fold. First, conservation, by teaching children to know and to love the things of nature; for what we love we do not destroy ourselves and we try to prevent others from destroying it. Thus we strive to help, even in a small way, to conserve our great natural resources, particularly our beautiful wild flowers and birds and trees. Second, by inculcating in our city children a love for the beautiful things of nature, we lead them out into the country for their recreation and perhaps help them to choose new lines of work in the future as a means of livelihood—forestry or horticulture.

On Mondays in the school page of the evening papers we publish a short article on the tree or bird of the week. We collect stories and poems. What child hearing the legend of the poplar tree will fail to recognize its shape, or hearing the story of the fringed gentian will not try to preserve the gentian for the fairies, or having sung Joyce Kilmer's "A Tree" will not lift up his soul to the God who made the Tree?

We feel that if children all over our country would take up this study, it could not only mean the preservation of our flowers and birds and trees, but would create a bond of fellowship among them. The children of New York may choose one bird or tree, the children of California another, yet each would surely be interested in the choice of the other.

A Hallowe'en Party

THERE is no better way to get acquainted than by joining in jolly games which all enjoy. Again, rural or smaller town schools have an advantage at this season, for autumn decorations are close at hand. Perhaps a rural school can send an invitation, through the Junior Chairman, to some town school, from which a room or a group will be appointed as guests at a Hallowe'en festivity. The visitors may be willing to contribute one or two numbers to the program. Perhaps games played in other lands may be a feature.

Or how about inviting parents to a party, if it is impracticable to invite schoolmates from town? Perhaps parents will, if asked, dramatize a scene showing the rural school as it was in their school days, while the youngsters present a scene showing the modern, progressive rural school.

"The Fact That All Can Give"

"THEY never thought of the fact that all can give," wrote a teacher from the San Ildefonso School in Santa Fé, N. M., of her Indian pupils. "They had the idea that only rich people were expected to give. I have tried to make them see that no matter how poor we are, we can always do something for others that will be true service and that we, in the end, will be happier. We chose a little brother and sister for each to help all year. They did very well. We made a bridge across the irrigation ditch, made 35 Christmas presents, 3 stools with Indian designs to take home, 3 little chairs, and another stool and chair for last day prizes. We gave a health play, learned 10 health songs, made a health book for the nurse, and followed the health rules."—Indeed, "they did very well!"

A school in the southern mountains discovered apples and chestnuts lying unused on the ground and found that these were happy gifts for a nearby veterans' hospital. A school in New Hampshire found Mayflowers at hand and sent them to a naval hospital, being "careful not to pull up the roots," and taking pains to pack the blossoms in damp cotton. So all may find, within reach, plenty of chances for putting into practice the ideals of service and friendship—and plenty of need as well!

Nutrition References

REFERENCES which may be helpful to those interested in the nutrition article on page 4 are as follows: *Feeding the Family*, Mary Swartz Rose (Macmillan, New York); *Health Education*, the Report of the Joint Committee, 1926-27 (525 West 120 St. New York); *Food, Why? What? How?* A. R. C. 725 (complimentary); *What the Teacher May Do to Promote Nutrition*, N. H. 62, American Red Cross, Washington, D. C. (complimentary upon request); weight charts and weight tags, Mead and Wheeler, 35 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Fitness for Service Activities for October

"Every child that is delinquent in body, education or character is a charge upon the community as a whole and a menace to the community itself. The children are the army with which we march to progress."

HERBERT HOOVER.

Food and Fitness

THERE cannot be health without normal nutrition," the late Dr. L. Emmett Holt declared. And yet medical examinations show that many children, rich and poor alike, are malnourished, and that many of the physical defects found among them are due to faulty nutrition. Each year teachers must handle children who are below par physically and who must do as best they can with their handicaps.

When, during the World War, our Government was trying to raise a large and effective army, the country was aroused by the discovery that an appallingly large percentage of its young manhood were physically unfit for service in the great emergency. The unpleasant discovery gave a new impulse to health education in the schools. "Being fit" was made to appear, even to the children themselves, as a patriotic duty and a service to the world.

"We like to think of ourselves," wrote a group of Hungarian Juniors, "as stone carriers in a great army of workers building a temple of human love; but we believe that this temple will fulfill its true destiny only if its foundation stones are formed from love of one's own country." "Fitness for service," as a prerequisite to a life of service for one's country and for the world, is a slogan that is sweeping around the world with the spread of the Junior Red Cross. It is a battle cry of this army of ten million children in the schools of the world.

Team Work in Nutrition

Have the children ever thought what a large part of the attention of the community is given to a matter of food and of the large number of people engaged in providing their breakfasts and their dinners? Mother, of course, has much to do with it, in planning if not in actually preparing the meals; she may employ a cook; father or other members of the family may often do the marketing; then there are the market-men and the grocers and the bakers and the milkmen. A step farther back are the farmers and the truck gardeners and the dairy men and the packing houses. Perhaps we depend more or less upon the restaurants and other public eating places. The Government provides food inspectors and milk inspectors. In our rural communities there are often home demonstration agents who represent the national Department of Agriculture and the State Agricultural College and who give instruction and advice with regard to the selection and preparation of food. Many of our schools have home economics departments.

From this it will be seen not only that food is a very important matter in the community, but that it involves a great deal of team work. All of the people mentioned in the paragraph above, and many others, are partners with the child in solving this problem of nutrition. Unfortunately, some of the partners sometimes fall short of their responsibility, due largely to lack of sound information.

Among her many responsibilities, the classroom teacher shares that for the health of her pupils, including the matter of nutrition. Her success in classroom work is largely dependent upon the physical condition of the children in her care. Her responsibility is less heavy if there is good team work among all those who are interested in the matter. In many cases she has the cooperation of the school physi-

cian and perhaps of a school nurse. She will, of course, have that of the home economics teacher, if there is one, who may also be a trained nutritionist; and of the home demonstration agent in many rural communities. There is no point at which there should be closer team work between the school and the home and it is growing more effective all the time through Parent-Teacher organizations and otherwise.

Service of the Nutritionist

In some communities specially trained nutritionists have been brought in to help deal with the problem. They are sometimes employed by the local Red Cross Chapter; or a number of neighboring chapters unite in employing an itinerant nutritionist.

The service performed by the nutritionist is varied. She may give instruction to school children concerning food and its relation to health, the necessity for forming good food habits, the importance of regular exercise and rest and of cleanliness, fresh air and sunshine. She may give instruction to the grade teachers concerning their own food and health requirements and the requirements of children of school age. She may conduct special nutrition classes for malnourished children, with follow-up visits in the homes in order to give help to the mothers. She may establish hot noon lunches, give talks before Parent-Teacher Associations and confer with parents, teachers and pupils. She sometimes gives special courses for mothers, industrial workers, business men and women, Boy and Girl Scouts, church organizations, clubs, chefs, grocers, managers of eating houses and other groups.

Transmuting Knowledge into Action

In every case the pupils themselves should be brought into the game. Membership in the Junior Red Cross makes them feel their responsibility in the great army of Junior workers throughout the world who make "Fitness for Service" one of their main objects. The Junior Red Cross helps the teacher to "transmute knowledge into action," in health as in other things. The special section on "Fitness for Service," in the Calendar which includes many suggestions on nutrition, helps to keep the matter prominently before the eyes and minds of the children.

"Fitness for Service" activities suggested in the Calendar for October should continue throughout the year. If they have not already begun weight charts, the children may be encouraged to start them now, understanding that weight is one index to proper nutrition. The school lunch problem may also be definitely attacked if the children eat the noon day meal at school. The material referred to on p. 3 as N. H. 62 will be helpful in this connection. Pupils may enjoy collecting pictures of the vegetables grown in their own community to paste on the pages of their service note books. The relation of exercise to nutrition should not be overlooked. Play is vitally related to the use the body may make of its food.

REFERENCES which may be helpful may be found on page 3 of this Supplement.

NOTE: The suggestions given on this page are based on material furnished by the Nutrition Service of the American Red Cross.

In the Wilderness

Anna Milo Upjohn

Illustrations by the Author

RAHMEH was feeding Nib, the camel, with cauliflower leaves she had carefully saved for him. Nib was Rahmeh's pet, and the great, awkward beast followed the little girl about like a lamb. He was on his knees now and tied down to a peg in the ground to prevent his wandering away. His melancholy, drooping eyes watched the little figure coming toward him with her hands full of green, and his loose, gray lips trembled wistfully, while his flat, yellow teeth slid slowly back and forth as he moved his jaws in anticipation.

Rahmeh was lonely at the thought of Nib's absence of several days, for he was going to Jerusalem with a load of oranges and almonds for the market. She had tied a big blue bead to his collar, close to his bell, as a charm against the Evil Eye in the city, where so many strange and, perhaps, envious people might look at him as he threaded his way through the crowded streets. When Nib went on short trips to the orange grove, near Jericho, or to carry a load of vegetables to the British soldiers camped on the shore of the Dead Sea, Rahmeh often went, too, either throned high on his hump or astride Jeida, the donkey.

As Nib tucked the fresh leaves under his long lips Rahmeh patted the top of his head affectionately. It felt like a thick, spongy mat of moss. The tufty hair was worn away in spots from his long, flat neck, like the fur from an old buffalo robe, but, on the whole, Nib was a handsome creature, the color of sand like the landscape around him. Now his eye was liquid with affection as it fell on Rahmeh.

Around the two stretched the silent wilderness, bare and stony, and through and over it slipped the white road to Jerusalem disappearing among the folded hills, ashen gray, dun and blue, soft as the wings of a dove.

Rahmeh's quick ear caught the sound of clapping hands, her mother's signal that the meal was ready, so she went into the house. On a round straw tray in the middle of the rug on the floor of the big room was a smoking dish of cauliflower and mutton, which had just been taken from the clay brazier set over a fire

of thorns. At each place was a little flat loaf of bread. Rahmeh's father and her brothers, Yussef and Ismail, were already gathered. Yussef was full of importance, for this time it was he who was to go on the trip to Jerusalem, while Ismail was to stay at home and look after the sheep and goats.

When Yussef had eaten, his mother put a long, warm coat over his white cotton garment. It reached to his ankles and was striped black and yellow and fastened about the waist with a girdle of wine-colored wool. "You must take your abyah, too, Yussef," said his mother. "It will be snowing up in Jerusalem."

Yussef, looking up at the hot, blue sky spread over the Jordan Valley, laughed incredulously. The fragrance of oranges was in the air and anemones splashed the rocks with dabs of crimson. But he took the abyah, or woolen cloak, from its peg, hoping his mother might be right about the snow. It would add another excitement to the trip.

Outside, Nib was being loaded with sacks of fruit and nuts. From his saddle hung beautiful saddle-bags richly woven by the children's mother, and into these she now stuffed bread and cheese and figs for the journey. When the packing was finished, and Nib's burden towered high above him, he rose slowly and awkwardly and shook his bell. He was ready for the start. Proudly he lifted his head and moved forward with a long, swinging stride that fell soundless on the sand. Before him, and leading him by a rope, rode his master and still farther ahead was Yussef, joyously pommelling the sides of his donkey with his bare heels.

The caravan was off. Rahmeh watched them, the tears swelling into her eyes as they grew dim against the shadowy hills.

The children's father was named Diab, and he belonged to the Adwan tribe from the land of Moab, beyond the Jordan. He was a rich man. Besides the orange grove in the Plain of Jericho he owned large flocks of sheep and goats. His house was built of stone with an arched doorway and an outside stair, which led up to the flat roof, where the family spent



Rahmeh, too, had a string of coins across her forehead and chains of silver which swung down under her chin

the warm evenings and often slept in summer. In the house were fine rugs and great bins for grain, that reached to the ceilings. They had been built inside the house after it was finished, as they never could have been brought through the little doorway. They were made with mud mixed with straw and afterwards whitewashed. The grain was poured in at the top and taken out through a round hole near the bottom.

Diab had rings of silver and of gold and his wife, the children's mother, had such a weight of coins on her headdress that it made her head ache. On ordinary days she laid it aside and wore imitation ornaments which were lighter. Rahmeh, too, had a string of coins across her forehead and chains of silver which, fastened to her cap in front of her ears, swung down under her chin. Her mother, who came from Bethlehem, had made her a little jacket such as the girls wear there. It was of purple velvet, embroidered with orange, and her dark skirt was worked with bands of flowers.

The region where the Diab family lived was to a stranger wild and desolate. But they did not find it so. Across the plain, towards Jericho, where the gardens spread like a green web over the sand, the air was hot and soggy and the water brackish. Here among the stoney hills there were fresh springs of water and surprising little ravines filled with a sparse growth of herbs and bushes on which the sheep fattened exceedingly. It was silent, and clean, and undisturbed. Father Diab preferred it to the shabbiness and dirt of Jericho.

That night Ismail said, "Rahmeh, you will have to go with me to the hills tomorrow. There are too many little lambs for me to look after them alone."

Rahmeh was delighted. The boys often took her with them to the pastures. She usually rode her own little donkey, Jeida, and carried a pocketful of dates and bread. Jeida was chubby and serious. He had velvety gray ears and patient eyes and tidy feet. He found his way softly and safely over the rough paths. His shoes never squeaked. In fact he went unshod like his mistress and, like her, he wore gorgeous raiment, for his saddle-bags were hung with tassels of orange and crimson and blue. He had, too, a necklace of large blue beads and a silver and blue ornament hung over his shaggy forelock.

Ismail led the flock and Rahmeh, mounted on Jeida, rounded up the straying sheep from behind. Where-

ever she saw a clump of thorns thick with Dead Sea apples, she slid off from Jeida's back and gingerly plucked them from the prickly mass. They looked like great beads of amber. But they were filled with pith, and strung on a long strand of wool would make a magnificent necklace for Nib on his return. There was not a tree in sight. Only the pale sage brush and the tangle of thorns and a wide waste of sandy hills which dipped down to the Dead Sea. There it lay in its bowl of blue hills, a quiet sunshiny lake with hardly a ripple. Along the roadside patches of salt cropped to the surface and lay on the brown earth, white as hoar frost.

Ismail led the flock back into the hills away from the Dead Sea. He separated the little kids from the rest and left them behind with Rahmeh in a sheltered ravine while he went on with the sheep to more distant pastures. Rahmeh did not mind being left alone. She was used to solitude and the silence of lonely places. Along the sheep tracks grew big golden daisies and frosty clumps of white cyclamen, for the hidden ravine ran like a little streak of life across the immense gray wilderness.

Around her the young goats cropped the fragrant herbs. They were frisky black goats with long ears

which hung down almost to their knobby little knees and looked like flaps of black velvet sewed on to the sides of their heads.

Late in the afternoon Rahmeh sat tossing and counting her lapful of Dead Sea apples, wondering whether father and Yussef had yet reached that great walled city crowned with towers, which to her imagination seemed to touch the sky. Was the ground up there covered with that white mysterious thing called *snow* which never came to them down here in the Jordan Valley, four thousand feet below Jerusalem?

Suddenly over the edge of the ravine the wind swept a flock of small quail, all whirring and chirping, and dropped them into the warm hollow. There they lay, fluttering and bewildered and so tame that Rahmeh could easily have caught them. She looked at the sky. The wind must be blowing up there, she thought, and then she heard Ismail calling. He was coming over the top of the hill carrying three little long-legged black lambs, and behind him trooped the rest of the flock, black, white and brown, tinkling and bleating and nibbling at the shrubs as they passed.

The Cat and the Broom

The broom looks tattered and tired today,
The raggedest stick of a broom;
It couldn't reach up for a cobweb grey,
Or sweep out the smallest room.

And Trusty Tompkins, our little black cat,
With fur like the finest silk,
Is curled up tight in a ball on a mat,
Too sleepy to drink his milk.

But the bad old broom looks rakish and sly,
As if it had been on the spree;
And Puss, from a narrow, satiny eye,
Looks wickedly out at me.

Ho, ho! I know what the rascal pair
In the midnight hours were at:
It wasn't mousing or sweeping the stair
That made them look like that.

I know by the old broom's battered plight
And Tompkins' look of sin
They were both of them out with a witch
last night,
And they've only just got in.

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"Rahmeh," said Ismail, "there's a storm coming. You better start ahead on Jeida and take these three little fellows who are too weak to walk. I can bring in the rest." Ismail dropped two of the lambs into the bags attached to Jeida's saddle and gave the third to Rahmeh to carry across her lap. "Take the Dead Sea Road," he called after her.

Jeida chose a sheeptrack to the top of the ravine and from there a stony way like the bed of a torrent which ran down into the valley. He dropped nimbly from boulder to boulder until they came down to the sand dunes which lie about the end of the Dead Sea. The good road was not far off. They could look over the sea now. It was no longer bright with sunlight as it had been that morning, but lay dark as slate between its rocky shores, its rising waves sending their bitter, burning spray far inland. The sky was heavy with gray clouds.

As they came over a hill like a great bare sand dune, Rahmeh felt Jeida suddenly quiver under her, then snorting with terror he plunged down the hill, and not stopping to pick his way, made straight for the valley road. Casting a swift glance backward Rahmeh saw what seemed to be a large fierce dog just over the brow of the next sand dune. He was following them in a crooked skulking way, his head down and his evil yellow eyes turned upward. He was striped with bands of yellow across his shoulders. A mane of coarse, bristling hair stood upright. Rahmeh's heart gave a great thump of fright for she realized that this was a hyena and that he was after the lambs—after Jeida too, perhaps, for though hyenas are great cowards, they do sometimes attack donkeys and other animals which cannot fight.

Jeida, sweating and trembling and galloping wildly toward the valley road, was not more frightened than Rahmeh. All the dark stories she had ever heard about hyenas came back to her. How they stole lambs from the fold and babies from the cradle; how they even stole your

mind so that you were forced to follow wherever they went. Rahmeh tightened her hold on the lamb in her lap until its little round head pressed tightly against her chest and leaning far over caught Jeida's neckband with both hands. If she had not been a little Arab child she probably would not have held on at all. Of course if she had dropped the lamb on the road the hyena would have stopped following in order to devour it. But Rahmeh was too good a little shepherdess even to think of such a thing. Her one idea was to protect it.

Once down on the good road Jeida could go faster, but so also could the hyena. He was pattering quite close to them now, keeping under cover of the scrub where he could, but always gaining a little.

Afar off, Rahmeh could see her own home set among the stones on the gray hillside and her mother moving about on the housetop shaking rugs. She tried to scream "Mother! Mother!" but as in a nightmare her voice died on her lips. The hyena was quite near; coming out from the shelter of the sand dunes he circled around to head off Jeida. Then as Rahmeh shut her eyes in a spasm of fright and the donkey jerked backward on his trembling flanks, there came the sharp crack of a rifle and with a yelp the hyena rolled over and over in a cloud of dust.

"Don't be afraid," cried a man's voice behind them, and an English soldier, gun in hand, came running over the dunes. He had been going back to his camp on the shore of the Dead Sea when he had seen the peril of Rahmeh and Jeida. "He's quite dead," he exclaimed turning the beast over with the butt of his gun. But Jeida and Rahmeh did not even stop to thank him. They were flying once more toward the dear little gray home with its sheltering walls and its well of cold water and—mother!

The next day Ismail went to the pastures alone and Rahmeh stayed at home and strung the Dead Sea apples into a wonderful necklace, not for big Nib, but for little Jeida.



Ismail lead the flock back into the hills away from the Dead Sea

Orphans Three: Jack, Joy, and Joe

IT was just by chance that I became foster mother to three young robins

Bessie Price Reed

They had learned to use their legs quite well. So to make certain about their

during the latter part of the nesting season. Their nest had been a neat combination of dry grass and twigs with a lining of mud. The parents had securely placed it on the framework under the old bleachers at the football field. Of course, they knew nothing about the plans for a new stadium there and it was quite a surprise when some men appeared one morning and began tearing down the seats. The workmen were too

wings I gave them their "daily dozen." One at a time I'd toss them up and catch them. They soon learned to support themselves and flutter slowly to the ground and before long they began to fly short distances.

As they grew older their downy coats were replaced by feathers. After this change they were not so ravenously hungry, but never did they refuse to snatch at a worm if one was offered. At this

stage I let them follow me about in the garden as I dug worms. When they saw their food wriggling in front of them they began to pick up their own meals. I was trying hard to teach them to shift for themselves and I thought I'd be glad when that time came and my aching back could get a rest. But I was deceived. One morning I found to my surprise that each orphan was out getting his own breakfast. It had rained during the night and the patter of the raindrops had brought a number of earthworms to the surface. I stood still and watched my robins, realizing that soon they'd have no further need of me. Instead of being glad I felt lost and forsaken.

They made fewer and fewer demands upon me until finally they did all of their own foraging.

Most of the time they were away from the house getting acquainted with the world, but occasionally they'd come back to the old roosting place. On one of these rare visits I put a government band upon a leg of each bird. These bands were marked Biological Survey and bore a number. By this means I hoped to hear of the whereabouts of my orphans. If anything happened or they were captured the report would very likely be sent to Washington and in due time forwarded to me.

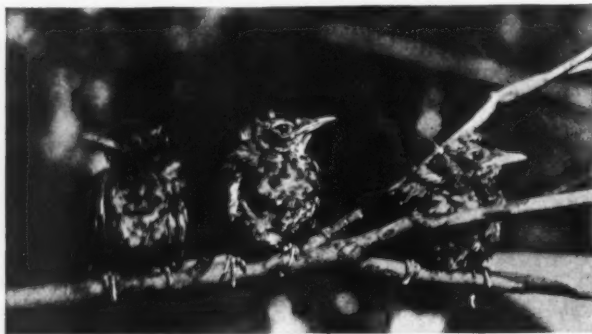
By this time autumn was coming. Already the blackbirds were gathering in dark flocks chattering about the southland, and I noticed that my robins were feeling the restless urge of migration. And then one morning I saw them join a group of other robins and fly away. That was the last I saw of them.

The place seemed empty. No longer was there a yelp, yelp at my feet, which meant worms and more worms. My days of digging were over. I had taken such pride in their spotted coats, which showed them members of the thrush family. Jack, Joy, and Joe, dressed just alike and yet so different! Will I see them again next spring? I wonder.

Imagine This

JUST think of it! If a man's voice had the same carrying power in proportion to his weight that a canary bird's does, his lightest word could be heard eight hundred miles. Or, if he had, relative to his size, the same jumping power as the tiniest flea, he could spring from New York to China at a single leap.

—Velvet Joe's Almanac.



Jack, Joy, and Joe dressed just alike and yet so different!

busy to notice when the nestlings, not yet ten days old, tumbled to the ground. Mr. and Mrs. Robin flew about in confusion, but no one had the time to attend to their distress. I came by soon enough, however, to save their babies from being trampled under foot. There was nothing to do but adopt the helpless infants; so I gathered them up and took them home.

In the weeks that followed I had my hands full feeding my orphans. Three wide, gaping mouths, rimmed about with yellow, began to look like bottomless pits to me. Hour after hour I searched for bugs or earthworms, thinking that surely one more would fill those hungry robins. But it never did. Each bird was just a big appetite. One morning I tried my level best to make them say "enough." Every single robin swallowed forty long, fat earthworms, gobbled down twelve bread crumbs each the size of a grain of corn, and ate one-third of the white of a hard-boiled egg. As soon as the last bit disappeared they yelped for more. This was not an unusual bill of fare either. Every day they ate as much or even more. Then, too, their food digested so rapidly that I had to keep on the job almost continuously from morning to night. Sometimes I wondered how enough bugs and earthworms could possibly be on hand to supply all the robins that hatched out in a season.

I suppose that most of my care would have seemed very awkward to an old robin. But I did my best. Under normal conditions I knew that flying would have come about naturally, but under the circumstances I was uneasy about their wing development.

Sarafina Poncho's Plans

What Our Indian Juniors Are Doing

THIS year many boys and girls entered the four contests for Indian schools announced by the Junior Red Cross. First prize for the best health play went to the Indian school at Albuquerque, New Mexico, for "Saving San Lita." This was composed by the seventh grade and tells how some boys and girls saved their fever-stricken village by putting into practice things they had learned at school about flies, screens, and sanitation. Two schools won first prizes for fitness for service booklets, the Zuni Boarding School at Blackrock, New Mexico, and the Chilocco School in Oklahoma. The Salt River Day School at Scottsdale, Arizona, got the first prize for the health poster; and the first prize for essays on "What I can do to improve my reservation when I return home" went to the Fort Belknap School at Harlem, Montana. The essay on this subject by Sarafina Poncho, of the Albuquerque School, is of special interest to Domestic Science classes:

I AM an Indian girl from the Laguna Pueblo tribe. I live in Encinal, a small village twelve miles from the mother village of Old Laguna. Encinal is at the foot of a big mountain called Mt. Taylor, and is surrounded by many foothills, leaving only small spaces for roads.

"The country here is very dry. The water for irrigation comes from mountain streams. Sometimes these streams dry up entirely and then the people raise hardly any crops. Lately they have made a large pond to collect the water and when it is filled, they will open it to let the water run down the ditches to the people's gardens. They will take turns irrigating their gardens. They hardly ever have water enough for the corn and wheat fields. For these reasons the people do not raise many vegetables.

"In thinking over what I can do to improve my village when I return home, I have decided that I can help most by trying to improve the food of my people. I can encourage them to raise more vegetables and fruits and to produce more milk from their cows or even from milch goats. I have learned in my Domestic Science lessons how to prepare food and serve it. I have also learned from these lessons and from my health lessons what foods are best to serve.

"Some Indian people do not like turnips, cabbage and other vegetables and very seldom touch them. They prepare food to suit their taste, never realizing the different classes of food which their bodies need. In many Indian families they all like the hot pepper which is called 'chili' in our language. The mothers often give it to the children. It has no food value and is so hot that it may injure the stomach. Most Indians put chili in their soups and stews.

"Milk is very scarce among my people because they let their cows wander about on the range, not well taken care of. Coffee and tea are given to the children. When I go back to my home I shall do all I can to prevent the use of coffee and tea and other poor foods. Mothers often buy candy for the children. They should get fruit for them instead of candy; for fruit contains vitamins, which are necessary for the health of the body and tastes just as well as the candy.

"In the ordinary Indian menus some classes of food are neglected. They use coffee too frequently. The favorite fried potatoes and fried tortillas are very hard to digest because they are largely cooked with fat. There are two classes of tortillas, the plain tortillas and the deep-fat fried tortillas. Both are made of unleavened dough. A small lump is patted between the hands until it is round, about the size of a dinner plate, and very thin. The plain tortillas are then baked on top of the stove, the fried ones in deep fat. I have learned at school to make other kinds of bread, which are much more easily digested.

"I stayed with my aunt last summer at her home. She worked most of the time during the day and I was always depended on to get the meals. I had my cook book with me and used it a great deal. The family was pleased with what I had learned at school. I would make some special menu for Sunday dinner and we (Continued on page 32)



Santa Fe Juniors made 18 model baby beds to take to their pueblos



At Isleta, New Mexico, the Juniors helped to clean up their village

The

By

Illustrations



late that I am glad I can stay here over night, for the weather is terrible and I do not know whether I should find any inn open at this time." So the cricket entered, hung up his violin and sat down beside the ant.

They had been sitting only a little while when they saw a light glittering in the

It rained, as heavily as possible. The fir trees nodded their heads and said to one another: "Who would have thought, in the morning, that it would come this way!" Water dripped from the trees to the bushes and from there to the ferns and ran in innumerable small brooklets between the moss and the stones.

The frog, once more inspecting the weather before going to bed, said to his neighbor: "It won't stop raining before tomorrow morning." The ant, who was abroad in this bad weather, was of the same opinion. She had been in the forenoon to the market at Tannenbergh to sell eggs there and now she was carrying home the money she had received tied up in a small linen bag. At every step she lamented and sighed.

"The dress is ruined," she said, "and the hat too! If only I had not forgotten the umbrella, or if I had taken at least my overshoes! But with linen shoes in such weather there is no getting on."

Thus talking she suddenly perceived a big mushroom. Gladly she walked toward it.

"That's fine!" she said, "this is as weather proof as one could wish for. I will stay here until it stops raining. Nobody seems to live here. All the better for me. I shall make myself comfortable directly."

And so she did. She was just about to pour the water out of her shoes when she saw that a cricket was standing outside, carrying his little violin on his back.

"Listen, little ant," began the cricket, "is it allowed to enter?"

"Come in," replied the ant, "I am glad to have company."

"I have been making music for the dancing at the Heidenkrug," reported the cricket. "It has grown so

distance. When it came nearer, it proved to be a lantern which a glow-worm carried in its hand.

"I beg your pardon," said the glow-worm, politely, "will you let me stay here over night? I wanted to go to my cousin at Moosbach, but I lost my way in the wood and now I do not know where to turn."

"Come in," said the two, "it is just fine that we will have some light here." The glow-worm accepted the invitation and put its lantern on the table.

The light soon attracted another wanderer, who came stumbling along over moss and leaves. It was a big beetle. Without saying good evening, he entered. "Well," he said, "I have after all come the right way. You are, I take it, renting rooms for the night." Thus speaking, he opened his mantle-sack and began to eat his supper. "Well, well," he said, "if you are boring wood all day long, you like your supper." When he had finished eating, he filled his pipe, asked the glow-worm for fire, lighted the pipe and sat down to smoke quite comfortably.

Meanwhile it had become quite dark and the weather was worse than ever. To everybody's surprise another guest entered. For some time they had heard in the distance a funny sort of sniffing, which approached by slow degrees and at last a snail, who was quite out of breath, appeared under the mushroom. "That, I call

Adventure in the Wood

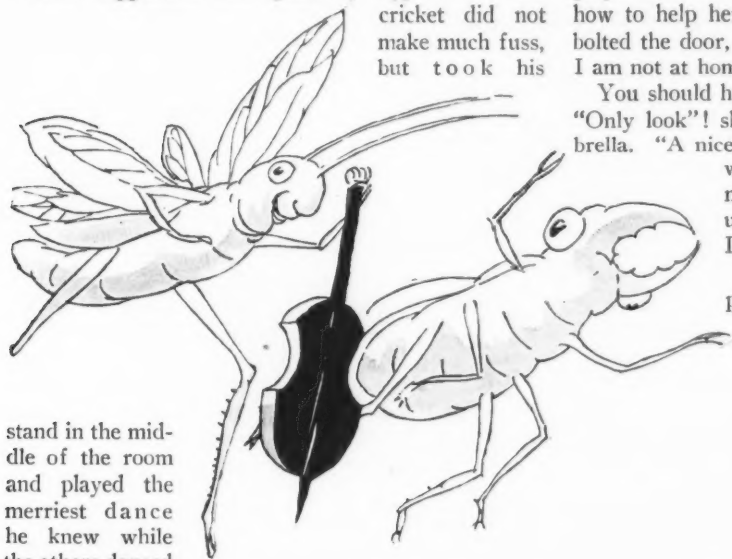
John Trojan

by Helen Chamberlin

running," she said, "I have been coming like a thousand-leg. I had to hurry an urgent letter to the next village. But nobody can outwork one's strength, especially if one is carrying one's house on one's back. If the company permits, I should like to rest here for some hours and then I can run on as if I were trying to overtake a steam engine." Nobody objected to the snail's choosing a comfortable place for herself. So she sat down before her house gate, opened her knitting bag and began to knit.

Then the ant addressed the company as follows: "Why are we sitting here feeling weary, when we could shorten the time in an agreeable way? We might, perhaps, tell tales, but I see that the cricket has his violin with him. If he is not too tired maybe he will make us some merry music and we can dance a bit."

This suggestion was generally approved. The cricket did not make much fuss, but took his



stand in the middle of the room and played the merriest dance he knew while the others danced

around. Only the snail did not join them. "I am not used to turning around so quickly," she said, "I am easily inclined to feel giddy. But don't stop dancing. I like to look on." The others did not allow themselves to be disturbed and they shouted with joy, so loudly that they could be heard quite three steps away.

But alas! by what terrible unforeseen event their festivity was suddenly interrupted! The mushroom under which the merry company was dancing unfortunately belonged to an old toad. In fine weather she sat on the roof, but in bad weather she crept under the mushroom and then, for all she cared, it might rain from Whitsuntide until Christmas. Well, this toad had gone in the afternoon to the next moor to visit her cousin, another toad, and they had been

drinking coffee and eating cakes, gossiping so much, meantime, that, before they realized it, it had grown late and quite dark. Now in the evening the toad came creeping home quite softly. She was carrying her working bag on her arm and gripped a red umbrella with a brass handle in her hand. When she heard the jubilating in her house, she walked still more softly and so it happened that nobody knew of her coming until she stood before them.

That was an unexpected disturbance! The beetle got such a fright that he fell on his back and it was five minutes before he was on his feet again. The glow-worm remembered too late that he might have put out his lantern and escaped in the darkness. The cricket let his violin fall to the floor in the middle of measure. The ant fainted several times and the snail, which in general is not so easily upset, felt serious palpitations of her heart. But she quickly thought how to help herself. She crept into her house and bolted the door, thinking: "Whoever likes may come. I am not at home to anybody."

You should have heard what a row the toad made! "Only look"! she cried furiously, swinging her umbrella. "A nice set of evildoers has met here. I always say if one leaves the house a minute, some mischief goes on. Pack up your things at once and begone, or I will make you hurry!"

What could be done? The poor people dared not utter a pro-



test. They took up their baggage, telling the snail through the key-hole that she was to join them, and

when she had got ready, too, they started on their way. That was a sad departure. Now and then the beetle, who had good lungs, called out: "Is there no tavern?" But all calling was in vain. At last, after losing their way several times, they found a fairly dry spot under a tree. There, quite down and miserable, they passed the night without much sleep. They were unharmed, but as long as they live they will remember that bad adventure in the wood.

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*In this world, it is not what we take up,
but what we give up, that makes us rich.*

—Henry Ward Beecher

ALL TOGETHER

BECAUSE you have chosen to give up time and
money and thought and effort for your National
Children's Fund, hundreds and hundreds of others
have benefited. In the last year, through your Fund,
you have done these things:

Helped one hundred and forty Albanian boys get a useful
training in the Vocational School at Tirana.

Aided a wonderful art class in Vienna.

Taken part in getting out attractive magazines for fellow
Juniors in seven European countries.

Contributed towards summer colonies and camps and health
work for frail children in Austria, Bulgaria, Greece, Jugo-
slavia, Rumania, and Lithuania.

Shared in disaster relief work in the United States.

Supplied books to children of Poland who had few or none.

Helped support manual training classes in Esthonia.

Given something to provide First Aid equipment and to
keep up hot school lunches in Latvian schools.

Purchased material for the handwork of Hungarian Juniors
and for children in our own Indian schools.

Paid for instruction in Navaho rug weaving in the Indian
school at Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Aided the children of Bulgarian refugees.

Sent 100,000 boxes of Christmas presents to children abroad.

And in every single one of the countries and places
where your Fund has been spent, there are fellow
Juniors working hard on their own plans to help
others. A letter from a school in Czechoslovakia ex-
presses the spirit of the thing. It says:

"From Germany came to us the calling of the suf-
fering children for help. And so we did not mind what
was in the depths of our souls from the days of the old
hostility between Bohemians and Germans and we

have done as the feelings of the human heart com-
manded us. . . . So we divided, brotherly, one-half
the gain of our concert that we had given here in
Prague.

"We were pleased by the knowledge that we were
fulfilling our promise to the American children, that in
every action in behalf of the suffering we will stand
by to help, gratefully remembering that they have
once helped us."

And so the Juniors keep marching together, ever
growing richer because of the things they are privi-
leged to share with others.

THE SLEEPY SONG

Josephine Daskam

As soon as the fire burns red and low
And the house upstairs is still,
She sings me a queer little sleepy song
Of sheep that go over the hill.
The good little sheep run quick and soft,
Their colors are grey and white;
They follow their leader nose to tail,
For they must be home by night.
And one slips over, and one comes next,
And one runs after behind
The grey one's nose at the white one's tail:
The top of the hill they find.
And when they get to the top of the hill
They quietly slip away;
But one comes over and one comes next,
Their colors are white and grey.
And over they go, and over they go,
And over the top of the hill
The good little sheep run quick and soft,
And the house upstairs is still.
And one slips over, and one comes next,
The good little, grey little sheep.
I watch how the fire burns red and low,
And she says that I fall asleep.

—New Zealand Junior Red Cross Journal.

THANK YOU

AYEAR ago we asked you to help illustrate your
magazine by sending in snapshots of Junior do-
ings. Now we want to thank you ever so much for
all the nice ones that have come in. Haven't you
noticed what good, lively ones have come out from
time to time? Just think how many Juniors have en-
joyed them! Some of the rest of those you have sent
have been used in the *Courier*, some have been sent
to Greece, some have gone to the League of Red Cross
Societies in Paris to be distributed to the twenty-five
other Junior magazines, some are going to the teach-
ers' journals in the different States and some are
being kept for use in coming issues of the News. So
you see, you have done quite a widespread kind of
Junior service. Keep it up.

In Alberta and Saskatchewan the Juniors maintain a hospital for crippled children

WHEN the Canadian Junior Red Cross was being re-organized at the close of the Great War, it was decided to conform to the peace time program of the Red Cross—"the promotion of health, the prevention of disease, and the mitigation of suffering."

The Juniors of Canada first set themselves to the task of the "promotion of health" by putting into practice the rules of health that they were taught in school. This meant good health for themselves. But since their motto "I serve" meant for them unselfish service for others, the next step was to look about with the idea of helping to bring health to other children not so fortunate as they. And so there developed the idea of the Juniors giving help to handicapped children whose parents were financially unable to have them treated.

In the large cities where free clinics have been established for many years this work of the Juniors is not extensive; in fact, it is mostly limited to buying equipment, such as orthopedic braces, wheel-chairs or artificial limbs. But in the small towns and rural communities in Canada it has been a veritable boon in supplying necessary treatment to thousands of children who otherwise would not receive it. At the end of 1925,



The Junior hospital at Calgary, Alberta

Patients come from the most remote parts of these prairie provinces for treatment

we found that through the Junior Red Cross 4191 children in Canada had received treatment for defects such as lameness and deformities, defective vision, defective hearing, enlarged tonsils and adenoids and many other ailments. In addition to this, over 12,000 children had received necessary dental treatment through Junior Red Cross traveling dental clinics.

Some of the crippled children had to remain in hospitals for a year or more, and in these cases the hospital bills were heavy. But most of the surgeons who operate on Junior Red Cross cases give their services free or the money raised by the members of the Junior Red Cross could never have gone so far.

In two of the provinces of Canada the Junior Red Cross maintains a small hospital for these cases—one at Calgary, Alberta, and one in Regina, Saskatchewan. The little patients come from the most remote parts of these prairie provinces to receive much needed treatment. Their railway fare is paid by the Juniors, and visiting committees of Juniors bring them scrap-books and toys to keep them amused and happy while there. Many a patient is sent back home with a new outfit of clothes which the Juniors have provided.

Canada's Junior Hospitals

Jean E. Browne



A boys' ward in the Junior Red Cross Hospital in Regina, Saskatchewan

Perhaps American Juniors would like to hear of some of the children in Canada who owe their lives to the treatment made possible through money earned and saved by Canadian Juniors for this purpose. One of the first was Rosie Gagnon, a little French Canadian girl living in Hudson Bay Junction, Saskatchewan. You can see on your maps how far away this little railroad station is from any city. When Rosie was about six years old, a serious accident left her very badly crippled. As her parents could not afford to send her away to a city for treatment, Rosie steadily became worse, and when the Junior Red Cross discovered her she had to lie on her back in an almost rigid position. She couldn't even feed herself. When she was eleven, she was taken into a hospital at Regina, where she had a series of operations. At the end of a year Rosie was a happy, healthy little girl. She wasn't able to walk, but she could sit beautifully erect in a wheel-chair and could get around in it very quickly. She was able to make all her own clothing. Moreover, she had learned to read and write while in the hospital. Normal School students had taken turns in teaching her.

All New Brunswick Juniors know and love Mary, the little girl from Chatham who had a tuberculous hip. When her mother said good-bye to her as she left to take the railroad trip to the hospital in Saint John, she never expected to see her alive again. The doctors were much afraid that she would not recover, but said there was a chance. After Mary had stayed in the hospital for a year and a half for treatment she came out cured. At that time there were only a few thousand Juniors in New Brunswick and they had quite a time saving and earning enough money to pay Mary's hospital bills. But they managed it, and they were all delighted when she was pronounced cured. The Juniors in her home town had a party to welcome

her home, and an adjustable desk and seat was provided for her when she went back to school. I saw Mary last fall when in New Brunswick, and no one could ever think, to see her now, that she was the same little girl who entered the Saint John hospital two years ago.

The Prince Edward Island Juniors would want me to tell you about Marie, the little Island girl who was burned so badly about the face and neck that for a long time she lay in a hospital between life and death. Finally, the doctors said she needed special treatment for which she would have to go to Montreal. Her own people were quite unable to afford this, so the Prince Edward Juniors came to the rescue and said they would send Marie to Montreal and pay all her expenses. She has had to stay there for two years, but quite recently she has returned home, scarred it is true, but quite able to enjoy life and disfigured only a little. The Island Juniors have had to borrow money from the Senior Red Cross to complete Marie's treatment, but I am sure they will get it all paid back very soon.

I don't know who profits most by this work, the children who are freed of their handicaps or the Juniors who are learning the greatest joy of life—that of helping other people who need their help. Perhaps what the children who are treated think about it can best be explained by quoting the remark of a little boy who was operated on for club feet and was able to walk to school for the first time. He said, "I'd die for the Red Cross." And when I hear of Junior members doing without things they want and earning odd pennies in any and every way they can in order to contribute to "The Crippled Children's Fund," I know that they are *living* for the ideals of the Red Cross.



Mesita School Juniors made signs to mark the highways, and model flytraps to take home with them

Sarafina Poncho's Plans

(Continued from page 27)

would invite my mother over to eat with us. They would always say that we girls at the Albuquerque Indian School had more and better training in cooking than those at other schools, for when the other girls came home they seldom cooked anything they had learned to prepare at school. My neighbors would sometimes come into my kitchen and ask me to show them how to use recipes in the book.

"When I get home I intend to call a meeting of girls to form a cooking club. My aim is to teach my friends and relatives how to cook food better in Indian homes and to help them realize the value of fresh fruit and vegetables and, above all, the need of pure milk for the children. This may help to improve all the homes in my village."

A Chance to Lend a Hand

A GROUP of school children were walking along a road in Bulgaria. All carried spades or rakes or hoes or some other implements, for this was Labor Week, when everyone in Bulgaria must work for the government. But these children did not look able to do very much. They walked so wearily and looked so pale and thin. Each carried a little package of lunch. And when those packages were opened each one showed only a small piece of bread. That was all the midday meal the young workers would have that day.

Two hundred children were gathered in a school in Kavakli, Bulgaria. They, too, looked pale and thin. One after another they were being asked:

"What did you have for breakfast?"

One after another answered: "Nothing." Only seventy had had a single bite to eat and many of those had had only a bit of bread.

In that small town of some thirteen hundred families fifty mothers had brought their babies to the mayor, saying, "We have nothing for them to eat." The mayor, poor man, could do little or nothing, for he was not well off, and his salary had not been paid for months. He was already half distracted with the conditions in Kavakli. A thousand newcomers had moved in too late to plant crops. Five hundred families were in the most desperate need. Eight hundred children were always hungry. Most of them had no shoes, though the Bulgarian wooden-soled shoes cost only about twenty cents a pair. Many families had almost nothing of any sort. For example, one widow was living in a small room with her six children and this is all they had: One mat, one blanket, one pot, one basin, two wooden spoons, a little iron stove and the clothes, such as they were, on their backs.

These are true stories. And in eight other towns of Bulgaria such scenes are still being enacted, now, with winter coming on. Those children belong to Bulgarian refugee families who lived in parts of Thrace and Macedonia which used to belong to



Bulgaria is not a big country, nor a wealthy one, and it has been hard to find food, shelter, clothes and work for all the newcomers

Bulgaria, but which have become Greek territory. For a long time they have been moving back over the border. Bulgaria is not big, nor is it wealthy, and it has been hard to find food, shelter, clothes, work and land for all these newcomers. Now 200,000 of them are suffering in many ways. The Red Cross societies of other countries are helping the Red Cross and the government of Bulgaria to look after these people. Just lately your own American Red Cross sent \$5,000 for their relief.

And you, members of the American Junior Red Cross, are sharing with the Bulgarian Juniors in helping the destitute children. You remember how the Third Progymnasium of Plevna raised money and bought flannels, clothing and fuel for refugee children and how the Bulgarian Juniors observed a Day of Noble Deeds on which they denied themselves some treat and gave the money saved to help them. In the past year your share has been a gift of \$800 of your National Children's Fund. Half of this was spent to buy material for clothing which was made

up by the Bulgarian Juniors and half of it to buy materials which the refugee children themselves have made into garments. The winter promises to be specially hard for these children, and of course, you will want to keep on helping them until things are not so hard for them. Keep them in mind when you make plans for your National Children's Fund.



Three refugee families are living in this open hut, whose roof of straw does not even keep out the rain

Ghosts That Came To Life

Mary Tom Peacock

Illustrations by J. Eads Collins

"It can't be Bob because it isn't tall enough," said one white-sheeted spirit to her companion.

"Well, I thought maybe it was Helen," came from the other. "She is sport enough to do it."

The two ghosts had held their heads together in a comical fashion conversing in low tones. The room was filled with ghosts, big ghosts, little ghosts and middle-sized ghosts. But this one shade in question was an unusual spirit. It would move among the others and then double forward as if taken with a sudden stomach ache. The room of masked figures was ready to break into shouts of laughter, but then nobody wanted to be found out this early in the evening.

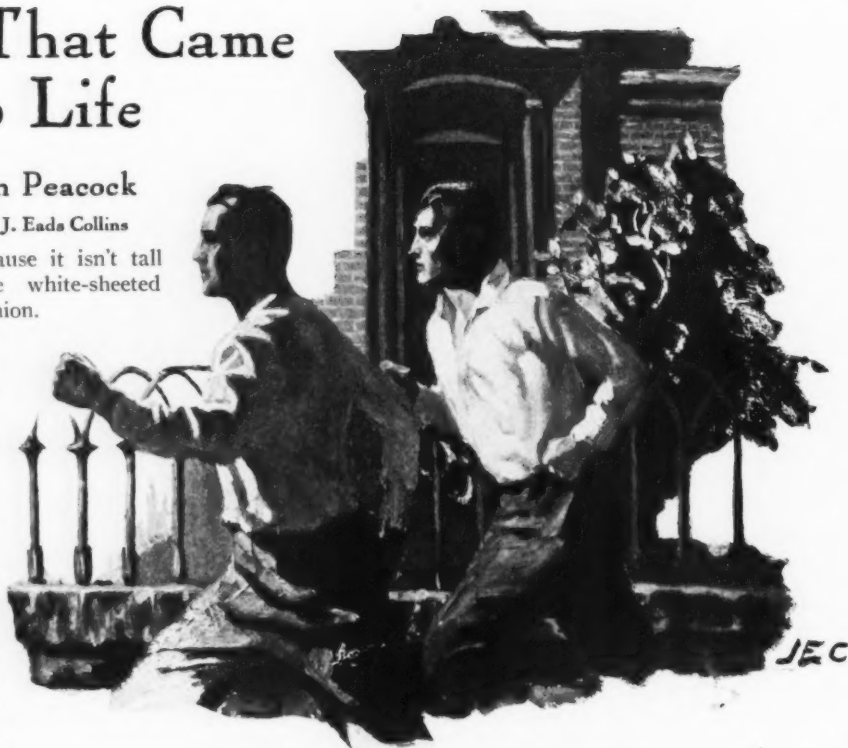
The gymnasium had been gloriously, spookily decorated and a witch was known to reside in one corner behind shocks of yellow corn and cat howls were not uncommon.

All at once there were loud chords upon the piano. Then a rousing march started and the Hallowe'en shapes found partners and swung into line. The funny spook that had caused so much comment led the others up and down the floor. The mothers and fathers filled the balcony. They eagerly watched the swirling crowd to pick out their own girls and boys. They laughed. They talked. They leaned over the railing in order to miss nothing.

Then some of the spooks found the witch's den and were told of the turns of fortune awaiting them. She said to one fair ghost, "I see by this line in your palm that you will go to high school and then to college in a distant state. While there you will become much interested in a dark-eyed man."

The ghost snickered, for it happened to be Bob Ewing arrayed as a feminine spirit.

There was a rush of soft slippered feet and a rustle of skirts outside. All crowded to see. The center of the floor was a-swirl with gay dancing girls. They had yellow balloons painted with black cats, owls and witches. The strings were tied to their caps and they floated above their heads as they danced. Then like



Bob and Carl had already made their exit. They heard someone cry, "Old Martin must still be in his attic."

a flash they jumped, caught their balloons, broke them with a mighty "pop" and dashed into the crowd of startled spooks. Next the dancers took the hands of the others and led the way to the "old well." To get there everybody had to cross a rustic bridge fashioned in one corner of the gymnasium and until this moment hidden by corn shocks and an old, crazy looking fence. As each one crossed the bridge the mask must be removed. A glance down into the water, which was the mirror from the girls' dressing room in the gym, would reveal those crossing together.

Shrieks of laughter bespoke surprises. "Why, John!" exclaimed Charlotte, "I thought all along that you were Carl."

"Oh, Miss Hanna, you look too cute for anything! I thought all evening you were one of the girls."

But my! the "well"! There was fresh apple cider enough for everybody to have all their thirsty palates needed. There was delicious ginger bread. Some of the girls went to the balcony and escorted down the mothers and fathers and they, too, had fresh apple cider and ginger bread in abundance.

Then "Fire! fire!" came the shouts up from the street. In a town the size of Hazlitt the fire department was composed of volunteers and often it took all too long to get the fire engine upon the scene.

The ghost with the stomach ache at once removed his pumpkin mask. It was none other than Mr. Reams, the principal, but his face had lost its jovial expression and had assumed one of sternness.

"Stay right here until I tell you what to do!" came the decided command.

But without hearing him Bob and Carl had already made their exit. Once in the street they saw the flames mounting skyward from the old opera house. As they swung around the corner which brought them opposite they heard someone cry:

"Old Martin, the artist, must still be in his attic!"

The firemen were just arriving and two of them were trying to make their ladder reach to the top of the five-story structure. Almost simultaneously Carl and Bob whisked out their handkerchiefs. They dashed to the faucet in front of Haynes' store, then tore their way across the street and up the stairway. As they went they tied their handkerchiefs about their noses and mouths.

Up they went—one, two, three, four flights of stairs to the little attic now filled with blinding smoke. They groped and stumbled, picked themselves up and finally found Old Martin on his cot apparently unconscious. They pulled him up. They tugged him across their locked arms in the chair carry. Down the stairs they hustled the way they had come. Not more than two minutes from the time they began taking those steps two at a time they were back to safety with their human burden. He didn't breathe.

The crowd made way for them. They laid him face

down upon the broad steps of the post office three doors down. At once Bob was bending and raising his lithe, slim body in the measured movements of the prone pressure method of artificial respiration.

Two hours later the old opera house lay a heap of smouldering ashes. Old Martin, the artist—no one ever referred to him as just Old Martin, it was always Old Martin, the artist—was able to sit up.

As the crowd drifted away Mr. Landsdown, the fire chief, stepped up to Mr. Reams. "Will you tell me," he began, "how these two boys were able to take those stairs as they did, in the time they did and go through half an hour of resuscitation without any show of exhaustion?"

"They are physically fit!" came the decided reply. "They keep that way. All the school youngsters do up at our place. Miss Gordon, our nutritionist, for one, has taught us the value of it. They know something about food and sound living and they are practicing what they know! Their First Aid doesn't seem to have been amiss, either. You, yourself, have seen the results of both. I guess I do not need to tell you."

"I had heard of Miss Gordon," mused Mr. Landsdown, "but I had thought that nutrition work didn't amount to a great deal. I guess she is of real value to us all—the entire community. She's coming back, I hear. Glad—we'll make better use of her services!"



They groped and stumbled, picked themselves up, and finally found Old Martin on his cot, apparently unconscious



"One of our liveliest dances when we are feeling gay is the Ruchenitza"

Some Letters from Bulgaria

ONLY the other day there came through the office a nice little package and the following letter addressed to the Moses School in Knoxville, Tennessee. They were from some Juniors at Panaguriste, a small town up in the Rose Valley of Bulgaria. The letter said:

DEAR FRIENDS ACROSS THE OCEAN:

Your portfolio picturing the home of the Indians, of the first colonists, and your modern homes, we received and looked over very carefully. It was designed for the older Juniors of the Gymnasium and they are going to answer your portfolio with another one of their own, but we thought we, the Pro-gymnasium Juniors, would also like to tell how we enjoyed looking over it and send a small but original gift, a bottle of otto of rose.

We shall tell you that ours is a small and poor country and only recently liberated from the Turkish yoke, which lasted 500 years. We are just beginning to develop and follow the road of the more advanced countries.

Our chief occupation is agriculture. It is poorly developed in our town because of the poor soil. Carpet weaving is our pride, though, and do you know that the largest market for our work is in your country? We like to think that many people in America use the rugs and carpets that were made in our simple town of Panaguriste.

We raise roses especially for the distillation of rose oil, which is chiefly sold in America. We are sending you three grams of it and be sure it will make the whole town smell when you open it, it is so strong. It costs only 50 leva a gram, that is 150 leva for three grams, which means one American dollar. Do you see how low our rate of exchange is? And before the war a dollar was equivalent to 5 leva.

We have wrapped the gift in real rose flowers, so that you may see the kind of roses we distill.

We are sending you our best love and greetings from our parents and teachers.

In an unusually fine portfolio the pupils of the Third Progymnasium of Pleven, one of the largest Bulgarian towns, tell about many of the national customs. This is what they say of a favorite dance:

"One of our liveliest dances when we are feeling gay is the 'Ruchenitza.' It is very popular among the peasant population. It consists in short steps, the swiftest possible. Now and then the dancers kneel down, crossing their legs and shouting 'Chu-Chu,' and waving handkerchiefs on all sides. Near by the bagpipe is played. The dance goes on with great enthusiasm until the dancers are quite exhausted. We used to dance it very often before the war, but at present there is no mood for the 'Ruchenitza,' and very few of our people dance. And yet Bulgarians are fond of dancing and full of merriment, and those who feel life throbbing in their hearts would give themselves to dancing in spite of the situation."

Writing to the school at Tuttle, Idaho, pupils of the St. Cyril and Methodius Progymnasium at Pirdop explain "slaves," one of the games that Bulgarian children play on their school grounds:

"First two kings are chosen and then the rest of the players are paired off, each pair taking names, such as earth and sky, or fish and dog, and the like. Then, two by two, they go first to one king and then to the other, asking them quietly in turn: 'What would you have, oh, King? Sky or earth?' The first king chooses one of the couple and the other goes to the second. This continues until all the players have been chosen. Then the groups stand in straight lines fifty or sixty feet apart and throw a ball back and forth between them. When the ball is caught the one who has thrown it becomes the slave of the opposing group. If, in turn, the side from which he has been taken can catch the ball, the slave is freed and can go back to his own group. This play continues until all the players of one side become the slaves of the other. This is one of the games we like best."

Gifts from Thirteen Japanese Schools

EACH of the thirteen primary schools in Nozu County, Japan, filled a box with examples of their school work and sent them out to schools in the United States. And what delightful things were in the boxes—little boats, bamboo bird cages, dolls of all kinds, embroidered wall panels and elbow cushions, foot mittens and lots of other things made by small Japanese hands, which are as clever as any in the world, and cleverer than most. In addition, there were pictures which had been posed by the pupils and taken under the direction of their instructor, to illustrate the uses of some of the articles in the boxes.



BATTLEDORE is one of the favorite games of the Japanese girl. Here are four girls in an exciting game. The shuttlecock is hit into the air by the battledore, which is plain board on the side used for hitting. The other side is usually beautifully decorated with drawings, paintings or embroideries of pine trees, cherry blossoms, or something of that sort.



THE alcove is the principal thing about the chief room of a Japanese home. Here is hung a picture on a scroll and beneath it is placed some artistic object, such as a bronze vase, or a lovely piece of porcelain. A caller is always seated where he can look into the alcove and admire its arrangement. The decorations are changed from time to time and always kept quite simple, though the things in it are as beautiful as the house owner can afford.



EVEN if a Japanese house has only a few feet of ground around it, there is always a wonderfully tended garden. The girl on the left is using a bamboo garden rake not much bigger than your father's two hands. The Japanese do not wear their shoes or sandals in the house and in their gardens often wear special soft straw sandals that will not mark up the ground.



THE "sasara," which is made of bamboo splits, is for washing wooden tubs. It is one of the things that used to be necessary in every Japanese household, but its use today is not so universal as formerly, as new articles are replacing it.



Pupils from the Dennison Public School in Washington, D. C., who took part in the Red Cross pageant given last spring for the delegates to the Pan American Conference.

Our Juniors on the Job

CLASS 4B-1 of Public School No. 2, Bronx, New York City, reports:

During the month of May, Class 4B-1 did special work for the Junior Red Cross. Every Friday we sent away many gifts for the ten boys and one little girl in the New York Orthopedic Hospital. We sent four special packages for Marie Frank, who was lying in the Junior Red Cross bed. All the children in our school contributed the toys and collected many of them. Our class decorated the toys and boxes with different kinds of designs. The last Friday was two days before Memorial Day. For this holiday we sent special boxes of gifts. In each box was an American flag.

We think that Marie enjoyed our gifts, because she wrote and thanked us, and we hope that the ten little boys enjoyed their toys as much as we enjoyed sending them.

THE children of Olivet School, Santa Rosa, California, particularly enjoy the correspondence they have had with the Scuola Elementare, Colle di Val d'Elsa, Italy. Many of the pupils of this school are of Italian descent and their parents are learning English in the night school. When these fathers and mothers were told about the portfolio being sent to their old country they were much interested in seeing it. One of the compositions in the portfolio was on the American flag. It was written by Rosa Mancini, who has been in America only four years, but graduated from the eighth grade last June. Rosa has given her schoolmates much pleasure by translating for them the stories in the occasional copies of the Italian Junior magazine which have come to the school.

SUBSCRIPTIONS to the Italian Junior magazine are \$1.00 a year without translation and fifty cents more with translation. Checks should be sent to Croce Rossa Italiana Giovanile, Ufficio 1, Via Toscana 12, Roma, Italia.

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A FINE thrift project of Atlanta Juniors was learning to repair their worn shoes. Worn shoes were collected at the schools and in the afternoons any Juniors who were interested could go to the Red Cross rooms and take lessons in half-soleing and patching from Mr. Dick Florence, an ex-service man who had learned the trade after he was disabled in the World War. If the schools did not want the returned shoes for the use of their own pupils, they were sold and the money went into the Service Fund.

NINE-YEAR-OLD Antonia Ramos, of Cement School, was the winner in the weight-gaining contest in Suisun, California, which we reported in last month's NEWS. Antonia was underweight and not well. Every day she drank three quarts of milk and ate lots of fresh fruit and vegetables and took an hour's rest. At the end of three months she had gained seventeen and a quarter pounds.

LINCOLN, New Hampshire, Juniors have sent in \$60 for the National Children's Fund. They say they would like some of it to be used in the Indian schools, as they hope to be in correspondence with one of the Indian schools this year.

JUNIORS of the Timothy Nicholson School of Richmond, Indiana, cleared \$35 from a very successful presentation of the operetta, "Mother Goose's Birthday." The same school made \$10 from a paper sale. The following is the report of the secretary of the Juniors of the sixth grade of the Warner School of Richmond:

"Florence has been in charge of signals that run the school. Bob has attended faithfully to telephone and

messages for Attendance Office. The children of the sixth grade sang Christmas carols to an old lady. For many years she was a teacher of public schools. Golda brought wild flowers from the country and gave them to her. Lloyd, Bob, Arnold, James are traffic officers. The monitors for the boys' toilet are Kenneth, Henry, Robert and Thomas. The monitors for the girls' toilet are Ione and Gertrude. Gertrude is our house-keeper. She dusts and arranges our books on the table. William and Golda kept our school room full of wild flowers. Jane is our paper monitor. The children carry books home for teacher. James Rhodes has served faithfully as doctor announcer. Bob entertained the children of the third grade until the substitute teacher came. Minnie wrote a letter of thanks to all the people who helped us receive the currants from Greece. At Christmas, gifts were sent to the sick soldiers. These are some of the services the children have done. We try to live up to our motto,"



Children of the Highland School, Atlanta, learning from Mr. Dick Florence, a disabled ex-soldier, how to make old shoes look like new.

stay in the colony on Culion, so they are cared for by the Public Welfare Bureau in Manila. The children are not lepers.

ONE of the Junior school gardens in the Philippines has a fine mango tree growing in it. The money from the sale of the fruit buys school medicine cabinets. Committees of Juniors of the San Nicolas Elementary School of Cebu have been doing fine work. The Fire Safety Committee, composed of the biggest boys in each class, looks after drills for clearing the building and getting the smaller children out first. The Health Committee is responsible for reports on observance of the health rules and visits the homes of absentees, announcing cases of sickness immediately to the Red Cross nurse. School attendance has shown marked improvement as a result of this work. The Better Surroundings Committee is responsible for clean playground and toilets, while the Recreation Committee looks after games in recess periods and plans outings and hikes. The Playground Safety Committee helps to look out for the safety of the younger children. The Concepcion Elementary School of Tarlac sent a Christmas box containing 78 separate packages to the children brought to Manila from the Island of Culion. These children cannot live with their parents, who are lepers, and must

THE Junior Red Cross was organized in Porto Rico in 1917. Here are some of the things Porto Rican Juniors have done:

- Purchased three ambulances for use in Europe.
- Endowed a room in French hospital.
- Established lunch room for suffering children in three towns after an earthquake.
- Expended \$2,368.12 for earthquake relief.
- Devoted \$9,217.41 to local activities.
- Contributed \$1,000 for the education in Paris of French war orphan, Edmund Grubber, who was adopted by the Juniors of Porto Rico.

Given \$7,500 to Insular Tuberculosis Sanatorium for school and library building for tubercular children.

Established scholarships to continue studies in Porto Rico system and in the United States.

Made toys and contributed \$8,000 for relief work in the Near East.

Purchased medicine cases for rural schools.

Bought victrolas for several town and country schools.

Established school dental clinics in 17 towns in the Island.

Donated \$17,000 toward a building for a school for the blind.

Donated \$10,000 for four children's cottages in the Insular Tuberculosis Sanatorium.

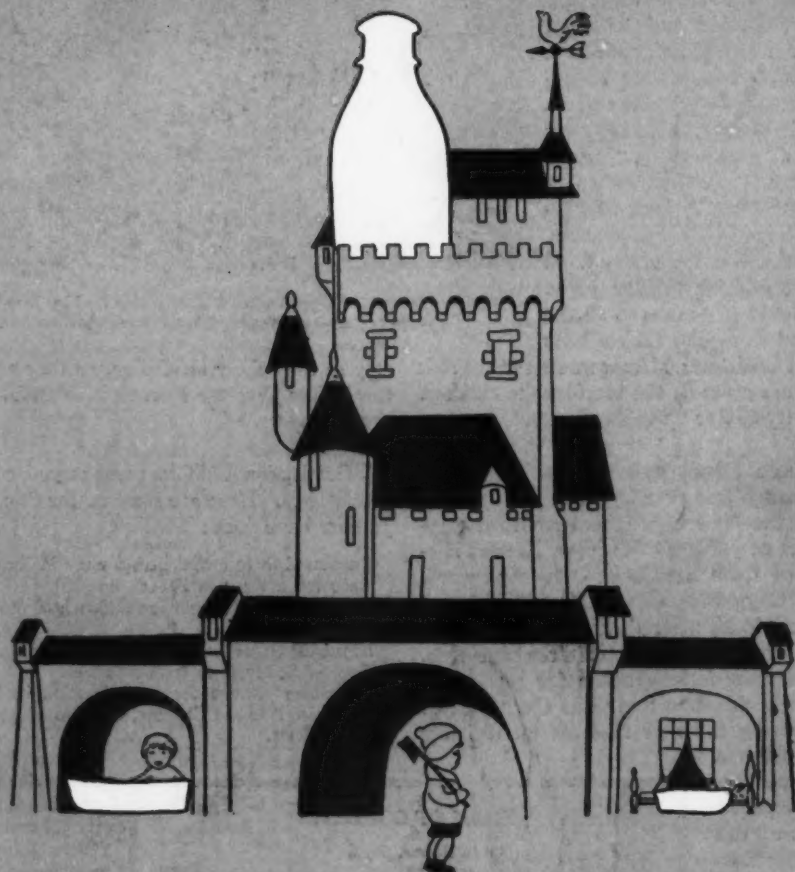
Established Fresh Air summer camps for poor children.

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THE HEALTH CASTLE



THE LAWS OF THE CASTLE

BRUSH TEETH BEFORE BREAKFAST AND AFTER MEALS

DRINK SIX GLASSES OF WATER DAILY

DRINK MILK — TEA OR COFFEE NOT ALLOWED

BATHE AT LEAST ONCE A WEEK

SLEEP FROM TEN TO TWELVE HOURS

PLAY — OUT OF DOORS DAILY

From a poster by M. Forbes. Reprinted from *The Red Cross Junior*, Toronto, Canada.

